

BIG BATTLE WITH A CAT.

Savage Prowler Attacks People in a New York Flat.

A savage, uncouth toment, driven to the verge of madness by starvation, created consternation in a New York flat house by fiercely attacking everybody who attempted to drive it out. It was captured after a desperate battle in which a woman, two men, two policemen and three dogs participated.

The cat was an ugly specimen of the back yard prowler, a big, ferocious-looking animal with a head like a bulldog. It was striped yellow and black like a tiger.

It wandered into the basement of the big flat, of which Thomas McClelland is the janitor some time last week and made its lair under a pile of old doors at the rear of the hall. Mrs. McClelland saw the cat several times, and its presence there worried her because she has two little children who play in the hall during the day, and she made several attempts to drive it out without success.

She was walking through the basement the other morning with her daughter, five years old, by her side, when she again encountered the cat. Its eyes gleamed like fire balls and it hissed and spit at her as she advanced.

Mrs. McClelland struck at it with a whip she happened to have in her hand and the cat jumped straight at the head of the child. With a scream Mrs. McClelland got in front of the girl and put out her hand to ward off the cat. The animal caught her hand in its sharp claws and buried its teeth in her thumb.

She shook it off and ran to summon her husband, Thomas, from upstairs. He tried to drive the cat out with a large iron poker. The cat made a spring for his neck. He beat it off, but it renewed the attack repeatedly.

It finally made a terrific jump for the janitor and seized hold of his hand between its sharp teeth. McClelland yelled with pain and his wife beat the cat off with the whip. Then McClelland pounded the animal with the poker until it lay quiet and motionless on the stone flagging. It was dead, he thought, and he went away. But when he started to go for the doctor a few minutes later he was amazed when he reached the areaway. There sat the cat.

It sprang at him the moment it saw him, and he hastily shut the door, and then it dashed itself against the door to get at him.

Michael Hart, a livery stable keeper across the way, has two fox terriers and an indomitable little Scotch terrier named Nip. He was appealed to for aid with his dogs. He agreed to get in the fight with them.

At sight of the dogs the cat's back arched, its tail grew thick and he prepared to fight. The dogs grasped the situation at once and stood off barking, waiting for an opening. It came very soon. Tom flew at Nip and caught him on the right shoulder. Then it was that the fox terriers, Spot and Fannie, fell upon him. A great battle then began.

The cat held its own for a time, but the odds soon appeared too much. It was rapidly succumbing, when a passer-by denounced the proceedings and threatened to have Hart arrested if he didn't call off the dogs. They were called off.

The cat was a sorry looking spectacle at this stage of the proceedings. It was bleeding about the head and minus large patches of fur all over its body and so weak that it couldn't stand.—N. Y. World.

New Sheet Metal.

By a process which is carefully guarded, something new in the working of sheet metal has been produced. Steel sheets are coated with aluminum. It is claimed that these are superior to and more durable than galvanized iron, tin plate or planished iron for many purposes for which these metals are now generally used. The special advantages of such aluminum-coated sheets are stated to be that they can be worked and seamed without peeling; the coating, adhering absolutely to the sheets, can be easily soldered, will resist the action of sulphurous gases, and can be heated to a red heat without destroying the coating. Moreover, such sheets can, when desired, be polished to a luster equal to burnished silver or nickel. An absolutely smooth and evenly-covered surface is presented, free from imperfections of any kind. Aluminum-coated sheets, plated with copper, are also produced, and these also take a high polish.

A Remarkable Tablecloth.

A famous restaurant in Vienna possesses a remarkable tablecloth, on which are inscribed the signatures of the majority of the reigning sovereigns of Europe, the members of the house of Hapsburg, and of the majority of the celebrities in art, music and letters. The names were written on the cloth in pencil, and the wife of the proprietor then carefully embroidered them.

—A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 times an hour.

BOYS GET IT NATURALLY.

The Little Terrors—Father a Terror, Too, in His Time.

"O, those boys of mine!" sighed a handsome matron on Cass avenue. "I don't believe that a detachment of police could keep them within bounds. Their papa says they are little terrors, and I guess he should know."

"Yes," suggested an outspoken neighbor, "and he might be able, by a little introspection, to discover the original source of their mischievousness. Frank used to keep things pretty thoroughly stirred up himself."

"But these boys of mine are right from one thing into another as fast as they can go. It sets me wild. Why, we had company for dinner this evening, and when I went to look for the beautiful layer cake I had baked with my own hands so as to have it nice, there wasn't a crumb of it to be found. Nothing could be more annoying."

"That recalls an experience of Frank and mine. We had been riding the ladder in both of our houses till final notice was issued that we must either reform or take the consequences. One evening there was to be some fine company at Frank's and he managed to get me an invitation. During the afternoon we discovered the cake, and it was a daisy, all sugared over with white and surmounted by a piece of statuary work of the same material. We simply couldn't resist, but we sought to cast suspicion on the baker by carefully digging out the interior through a small hole we made in the bottom. It took slow, careful work, but we had our reward as we went along."

"On the table that shell looked like a magnificent cake. We boys looked as solemn as owls through grace and all the courses, till it came to dessert. Then we fidgeted as his father took the long, thin knife, complimented his wife on her taste and then made a cut. The steel went through and struck the plate with a sharp sound, the hollow cake collapsed, Frank still looked solemn and I took to my heels. The settlement was with a rawhide."

"Frank will have to raise the boys," mused his wife. "I'll be responsible for the girls only."—Detroit Free Press.

A HOT LUNCH.

The Free Meal Didn't Come Up to Expectations.

He was hungry and he had a lone five-cent piece in his pocket. How to make the coin change the condition of his stomach into content-inspiring fullness was something that seemingly required the services of a "presto-change" magician.

But he thought he could do it. Keeping one hand closed over the coin, so that it could not by any chance be lost through a hole in his pocket, he walked down the street, scanning each saloon that he passed.

On blackboards in front of the saloons were tempting statements of what could be secured inside with every drink. Hee-hoo his head, however, at offers of free eggs, free clams, free oysters and free "redhots." Finally he paused in front of a saloon which flung the following sign to the breeze:

FINE HOT LUNCH SERVED
ALL DAY, FREE.

Entering the saloon and going to the bar he ordered a five-cent drink, laying down his precious nickel. Then he made his way hastily to the lunch counter, in the dimly-lighted rear of the place. To his dismay he was confronted by nothing but a little cold slaw, a few wilted shoots of onion, some pickles and two or three crusts of bread. He could not even smell the hot and juicy roast or the steaming corned beef and cabbage which he had pictured in fancy as being dished up by a jolly-looking cook in a white apron.

His voice trembled as he went back to the barkeeper.

"There's nothing on the counter back there. Where's the hot lunch you advertised?"

The barkeeper surveyed him a moment in undisguised contempt.

"Well, you was a good thing—nichts! Dere's nuddings there, eh? Ain't dere onions and mustard? Vat you want hotter dan dat—cayenne pepper?"—Chicago News.

Some Costly Pictures.

Some unusually large prices were fetched by pictures at a recent sale in London. The highest, \$11,940, was for a picture of two fighting cocks by Houdekort. Another Houdekort, a garden scene with peacock and peahen, brought \$6,667. "A Country Inn," by Hobbema, sold for \$9,975. These are "fancy" prices, truly, and will not be sustained when these pictures come to the block again.

—In England no less a sum than £197 was thrown to the children of the Sutton poor-law schools by racegoers on the Derby and Oaks days, the schools being on the main road to Epsom.

THIS AND THAT.

—The skin of the kangaroo, when properly tanned, never cracks.

—Thirty millions of wooden spoons are manufactured in Russia every year.

—A method of transporting grain through iron pipes, by means of suction, from distant farms to the seaboard, has been devised by an inventor in Orlando, Fla.

—A fashionable New York tailor, some of whose patrons are extravagant but rather tardy in payment, has his bills embellished with a floral border of forget-me-nots.

—Mrs. Ann Cassidy, of Coalport, Pa., who is now in her 106th year, was the mother of 18 children, nine of whom are yet living. Among her children were four pairs of twins.

—Miss Belle Quinn, of Aston Mills, Pa., owns a useful pigeon. Every morning, just after breakfast, the bird flies into the post office and carries home the letters for the Quinn family.

—The third set of teeth is growing for Mr. Scott, of Athens, Pa. Nine are already out, and three more are almost in view. His age is 89, and he reads without the aid of glasses.

—A popular clergyman of Albany, N. Y., chose for the subject of his sermon, on a recent Sabbath: "He giveth His beloved sleep." At the close of the discourse a great portion of the congregation was in deep slumber.

—Just as a street car conductor in Indianapolis was collecting a fare the trolley pole slipped and flew upward. A loop in the rope caught under his arm and lifted him over the tail-board, dropping him on the pavement.

—A mild reproof from a mother caused her 16-year-old daughter to leap from a second-story window in Paris. Her sister, three years older, became so excited that she also leaped from the window. Both were fatally injured.

—A marksman named Kruger was giving an exhibition in a Berlin theater by shooting objects resting on the head and shoulders of his sister. He shot backwards, aiming by means of a mirror. One of the bullets entered his sister's head.

A CURIOUS INSECT.

Lives Only a Part of a Single Night—Is Rapid of Change.

It is in August that the naturalists observe the marvelous insect which is born, reproduces, and dies in the period of a single night, on the banks of the Warne, of the Seine and of the Rhine. It is the ephemere of which Srimmerdam has written, and which is spoken of in Aristotle.

The life of this insect does not last beyond four or five hours. It dies towards 11 o'clock in the evening after taking the form of a butterfly about six hours after midday. It is true, however, that before taking this form it has lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the holes which it makes in the mud.

The change of this worm in the water to an ephemere which flies is so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water the hand cannot be taken away before the change is made, unless by pressing the worm slightly in the region of the chest; by this means it can be taken from the water before the change takes place.

The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air.

The ephemere arrests itself with the point of its little nails as firmly as it can; it makes a movement similar to that of a shiver; then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheath, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this stripping, the ephemere begins to fly. Sometimes it holds itself straight up on the surface of the water on the end of its tail, flapping its wings one against the other. It takes no nourishment in the five or six hours which are the limit of its life. It seems to have been formed but to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as they are deposited.

In three days' time one sees appear and die all species of ephemeres. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some malady has affected some of them and prevents them from changing at the same time as the others.—Cleveland Leader.

Miscarriage of Justice.

France is shocked by a miscarriage of justice due to a stupid jury. At Epinal a woman who confessed to murdering her four-year-old child, after torturing it atrociously for months, was acquitted, the jury explaining afterward that they thought the effect of the acquittal would be to send the accused to penal servitude for life. The people of Epinal tried to lynch the woman and the jury.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, JR.

By Wonderful Reasoning He Effects the Capture of a Bicycle Thief.

"Hah!" exclaimed Sherlock Holmes, Jr., the great bicycle thief-catcher, "yonder goes our man. You say the wheel that was stolen from you was a 72 gear, with ram's horn handlebars?"

"Yes," replied the man who had been robbed.

"Good," said Holmes. "That is the kind yonder fellow rides. I can see at a glance, too, that he uses a stolen wheel."

"Wonderful!" his companion ejaculated. "How is it possible for you to tell all this by merely glancing at him?"

"Easy enough, my dear sir, if you know how," the great detective answered. "Look at his hands. You see they are sunburned only upon the bony surface just above the thumbs. If he used the old style handlebars his hands would be sunburned all over the backs."

"Most extraordinary deduction I ever heard of," said the citizen.

"Now," continued Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "notice his walk. You see it is just an ordinary gait. If he rode a low-geared machine he would move with quick, nervous steps. On the other hand, if his wheel was high-geared, his steps would be slow and firm. But he walks along in just a common way, hence the bicycle that he rides is a medium gear."

"This is simply astonishing," declared the man at the detective's side. "Now tell me how you would know that the fellow rides a stolen wheel."

The great thief-catcher drew a long puff from his cigarette, permitted the smoke to circulate freely through his lungs for about a minute and a half, and then replied:

"Look at his nose."

"His nose!" exclaimed the other. "Surely you can't tell whether a man is a thief or not by simply looking at his nose!"

"Not in all cases," Holmes responded, "but in such cases as this it is the simplest thing in the world. You see the end of his nose has been exposed to the sun. It has just begun to peel off. Well, what does that signify? Merely this, my dear sir; the fellow has not dared to buy a cap, for fear of rousing suspicion, so he has been getting along with a common hat, with the result that I have pointed out."

The wonderful man then walked up to the thief, clapped a pair of handcuffs upon him, when the evidence, as set forth here, was in court, there was nothing left for the culprit but to confess and receive his sentence of imprisonment at hard labor for life.—Cleveland Leader.

A MISLEADING SIGN.

Well-Known Actor Has His Joke on an Undertaker.

Whenever the elder Sothern arrived at a town one of his first means of diversion was to stroll about the streets and have fun with the natives. He was in Chicago during her early days, and one day he saw a sign over an undertaker's establishment which read: "Everything Furnished for First-class Funerals."

Going inside, he inquired: "Do you furnish everything for funerals?"

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"Then I want a casket."

He described the kind and the order was recorded.

"Do you want carriages?"

"Yes; have five carriages ready."

"Yes, sir. Anything else?"

"Three dozen chairs."

"Anything else?"

"You might have a hearse ready."

"Is that all?"

"Why, no; you couldn't have a funeral with only carriages, hearse and casket. Now I would like to look at the corpse."

"Like to look at the corpse? I don't understand."

"I want to see what kind of a corpse you can furnish and know what the price will be."

The clerk was amazed.

"You advertise to furnish everything for a funeral, don't you?" said Sothern. "Well, you can't have a funeral without a corpse."

The sign had been altered when Sothern passed the following day.—Chicago Journal.

Feat of an Athlete.

A young college athlete at Richmond Hill, Long Island, saved two lives the other day by making a leap of six feet through the air and striking with his shoulder a man and a woman who stood on the edge of a railroad track, with a train almost on them. The shock threw them to the ground just over the edge of the track and barely in time.

High Bridges.

Germany's highest bridge is over the Wuppertal at Mungsten, near Remscheid, back of Elberfeld. It is 360 feet high and 1,630 feet long, the central arch having a span of 530 feet. The only higher bridge in Europe is the Garabit viaduct, 405 feet high, in southern France. The Mungsten bridge was opened for railway traffic on July 1.

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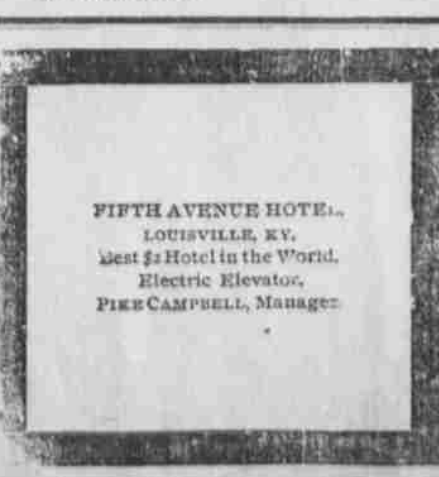
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